Bradford Opinion.

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Practical Proverbs.

Virtue ne'er dwells within that heart
Where shame has ceased to hold a part.

Whene'er a good man comes to thee
Examine not his pedigree.

'Tis by his deeds, and not his gown,
A pious man may best be known.

If you a gentleman would know,
'Tis he whose deeds proclaim him so.

A word's a thing that flies away,
But writing may be made to stay.

If youth had wisdom, age had power,
Naught would be wanting for an hour.

You ne'er should say, and ne'er should do,
The word and deed wrath prompts you to.

Folly and anger are the same,
The difference is but in the name.

He who once proves himself a knave
Doth seldom change this side the grave.

To others pardon e'er bestow,
But to thyself no mercy show.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

There lived, about five or six miles from Easton, Pa., a few years since, an honest farmer named Henderson, who had two very pretty daughters, Ellen and Maude. The first was about twenty-three years of age, while the latter was nineteen. The farmer was a thrifty, well-to-do man, though by no means rich; but the family lived in excellent style, and the daughters had received good educations.

Both of these girls were pretty, but Maude was perhaps the handsomer. There was no lack of attentive young gentlemen at the farm, though the neighborhood was not very thickly settled. But "beauty draws us with a single hair," and the young ladies were the center of a gay little circle of friends, mostly young gentlemen or farmers' sons in the immediate neighborhood, and some even from Easton.

By-and-by it came about that an earnest, handsome and sturdy young farmer fell desperately in love with Maude, and proposed to her. On her part, she loved Harry Masters above all the young fellows she knew, and told him frankly that he might speak to her father. In the meantime she confided the matter to her mother, a kind hearted, sympathetic parent, who saw no objection to the choice of her daughter, but all was left to the father to decide.

Farmer Henderson was a very straightforward and open-mouthed man. That is, he said exactly what he meant, no more or less, and that he uttered freely. When Harry Masters called him on one side and told his especial errand, as to Maude, the father said: Well, Mr. Masters, Maude is young. I wanted Ellen to be married first; she's oldest, and I have got a marriage portion of twelve hundred dollars to give her; but I haven' laid by anything yet for Maude."

"I have got pretty well beforehand, Mr. Henderson, for a man but twenty-four years old, and we shall be able to do very well, I have no doubt."

"You mean you'll take Maude without any marriage portion?" said the father.

"Yes, sir, very gladly."

"Well, it's pleasant to hear you say so, because it shows your honest affection, Mr. Masters; but I am too proud, though a simple farmer, to let Maude marry till I can give her a thousand or two toward housekeeping."

"It is not worth waiting for, sir, as long as we don't really need it, and both are content."

"Then, again, I'd rather Maude wouldn't marry until her sister is married, because she's so much older, do you see, it will actually make her an old maid. It isn't fair, Mr. Masters."

"Ellen is very popular with the gentlemen, and will soon be married," said the other.

"That's just what I have said to myself, and then I shall begin to pick up a marrage portion for Maude."

"I trust that is the only objection, Mr. Henderson?" said Harry Masters.

"Why, yes; you are a promising and respectable young man, and come of a good family," said the farmer; "but I can't let Maude go until I have got together a respectable marriage portion to give with her hand."

"Perhaps you will think more favorably about it," said the lover. "I'll speak with you again."

"All right, Mr. Masters."

Harry and Maude were very fond of each other, and now talked over the matter very seriously. Maude could not blame her father, and did not like herself the idea of going to Harry without a proper portion to contribute toward their joint partnership in domestic life.

"Never mind, Harry," said the handsome young girl; "Ellen will soon be married. I have pretty good reason for knowing."

"Ah, but then your father says he wants time to pick up a marriage portion for you, and that will take three or four years, perhaps."

"That is a good while, is it not, Harry?" said Maude, just blushing a little, for fear that it sounded forward and bold.

"It's ages!" said the young fellow. "Think of waiting three years—why we shall be old folks by that time!"

"Not quite so bad as that," said Maude.

"I'm sure my hair will be gray by hat time!"

"Nonsense, Harry! Now you are ng."

I was never more in earnest in my life," said he, as he stole a kiss from her pretty lips, and ran away, so as not to hear her chide him for his boldness.

"Maude," said her father, coming into the house from the barn, "I wish you would ride the sorrel mare into Easton, and get this hundred dollar bill changed at the bank. The workmen have got done with the roofing of the barn; and I want to pay them off to-night."

"Very well, father. Let John put the side-saddle on, and I will be ready in five minutes."

The sorrel mare was brought up to the door, and Maude was soon on her way at a easy hand gallop toward Easton. She had an excellent seat, and was a good horsewoman. As she knew this well, she would not have objected to have Harry see her just now; but he had gone a few moments before in an opposite direction.

When Maud got into Easton she rode directly to the bank, but was unfortunate enough to find that it was already closed. After a few moments thought she resolved to try and get the note changed at the grocer's, or at some of the other stores, and went immediately to do so. Fate seemed against her, for no one had small change enough to accommodate Miss Henderson.

At one of the stores where she stopped, a very gentlemanly-looking person took out his pocketbook and said he thought he could change it for her, and she handed him the bill, but he returned it, saying, after all, he had not so much small money. He seemed to regret this, however, and even followed Maude to the door and assisted her to remount her horse.

She was forced to give up her errand, as she did not like to run about among strangers asking them to change her a bill, especially as no one seemed able to do so. She, therefore, turned her horse's head once more toward home. Scarcely had she passed the outskirts of the town when she was overtaken by the stranger who had spoken with her in the last store, and who at first thought he could change her bill. He was mounted upon a fine-looking bay horse, and saluted her respectfully as he came alongside."

"Did you get your bill changed?" he asked.

"No; small bills seemed scarce," she replied.

"Do you live near here?"

"About five miles off."

"Quite a ride."

"Oh, we don't mind five miles in the country."

"You are an excellent rider."

"I have ridden since I was six years old," she said; "but my sister Ellen is a better rider than I am."

"You are generous to admit it," said the stranger.

"Why, it's only the truth," she answered frankly.

After they had passed over about two miles, they came to a very lonely piece of road, quite removed from any dwelling houses. Still, as the stranger appeared so gentlemanly, and had addressed her so politely, she had not the least suspicion of any evil intention on his part.

Presently, he said suddenly, "I will thank you for that bill."

"What?" said she, half smiling.

"Please to give me that bill."

"What do you mean?" asked Maude.

"Just what I say!" he replied, suddenly.

"I shall do no such thing," she answered firmly.

"I am sorry to draw a pistol upon a lady," he continued, suiting the action to the word, "but I must have that hundred dollar bill at once."

"Do you mean to rob me?"

"I must have the money!"

It was with difficulty she could believe the man was in earnest; but when he now cocked his pistol and held it toward her with one hand, while he extended the other for the bill, she was forced to yield to the necessity of the situation. She was a brave-hearted girl, and even now she did not turn pale nor tremble in the least; but saw she could not help herself, and so made the best of it.

Just as she held out the bill to him a sudden puff of wind blew it into the road, and carried it several yards from them. The stranger alighted to get it, and, quick as thought, Maude struck her horse a smart blow, in order to get out of the robber's power. The sorrel mare was a spirited little creature, and sprang into a smart gallop at once; while the stranger's horse, which had been standing beside her, also started off at full speed in her company.

Bang! went the robber's pistol after them, having only the effect to increase the speed of the flying horses, both of whom were now on the dead run. Maude did not care how fast she rode, the sorrel was as easy as a cradle at that speed, and in ten minutes she dashed into her father's yard, followed by the riderless horse.

Her story was soon told, and her father was with difficulty prevented from starting after the robber with his pistol and rifle, but he knew that the scoundrel would naturally take at once to the woods, where he could not follow him.

"Well, we've got his horse, at any rate," said the farmer; "and he is worth more than a hundred dollars."

"Hallo, master!" said, the man John, who had been taking the saddle-bags from the strange horse.

"What is it, John?"

"These bags is full of something."

"I should think so," said the farmer, as he unstrapped the leather bags.

They were found to contain some counterfeit plates, a quantity of counterfeit money, in various bills, and also a little over fifteen hundred dollars in good money!

"Huzza!" cried the farmer.

"What is it, father?" said Maude.

"Why, your trip to Easton has proved a profitable one, at all events. Here's over fifteen hundred dollars, good money!"

"Ah, but it will be claimed by the owner."

"Do you think a counterfeiter will dare to come for the tools that would convict him?—to say nothing of highway robbery."

"I didn't think of that."

That evening Farmer Henderson sent John over to young Masters with a message to call round and see him, to which Harry responded instantly.

"Mr. Masters," said the farmer, as he came into the large, old-fashioned sitting-room, "you remember what you asked of me this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I give my consent. Maude has just furnished her own marriage portion. Take her, my boy, and be happy!"

A Noble Act.

Once upon a time a young man was convicted of a crime in this city, says the Detroit *Free Press*, and sentenced by Recorder Swift to the State prison for three years. He made an A No. 1 record in prison and was pardoned by Gov Bagley a short time before the expiration of the term for which he had been sentenced. On his return to Detroit, he found employment at $5 a week in one of the largest wholesale and retail houses in the city. He conducted himself in an exemplary manner, and he began to believe that his lines had really fallen in pleasant places, until one morning an ominous message came informing him that he was wanted in the proprietor's private office. Apprehensive that his history had been disclosed, he entered the office with a heavy heart, but resolved to meet the issue like a man. The proprietor stood by his desk holding in one hand a letter. His manner indicated nothing of what was passing in his mind, but with a deprecatory gesture he handed the letter to his clerk and told him to read it. The young man glanced hurriedly over the letter (a cowardly anonymous production), which was simply a recital of the dark episode in his career.

"Is that true?" inquired the proprietor.

"It is true," was the sad reply.

The merchant's face lighted in an instant. He grasped the abashed and trembling clerk by the hand and said to him: "You are the man I want. You may draw $13 a week from this time until further notice, and at the first opportunity I shall give you charge of a floor. I can trust a man who will face the truth in this fashion and under these circumstances, and you may count upon a permanent situation so long as I am in business."

What that young man said in response to this unexpected declaration of confidence has not yet been told; but the merchant, whose sense of justice and love of truth was so signally illustrated, may be assured that he has gained a loyal friend, and earned the deathless gratitude not only of that young man, but of all his family, as is an example worth more than whole decades of imprisonment.

Prince Hassan and His Gloves.

We have from a correspondent, says the New York *World*, a curious bit of information about the young commander-in-chief of the Egyptian contingent on the Danube. Though but twenty-four years old, Prince Hassan, son of the Khedive, is an experienced soldier, and has already had his share of haps and mishaps. The young prince received his military education at Woolwich and Berlin, after which he occupied the office of minister of war to his father. During the late war with Abyssinia he was seriously wounded and made prisoner. Although treated with great consideration, King John, "to punish him," as he expressed it, "for fighting against Christians," ordered that a large cross should be tattooed on the back of each of the prince's hands. This was done, and when his wounds were healed the young officer was released and returned to Cairo. Arrived at home, Prince Hassan consulted the best European as well as native physicians and chemists, and Copt sooth-sayers, promising a large sum to any one who should rid him of these momentoes of the Abyssinian king. Advice was freely offered and experience tried; the prince underwent much suffering, but all in vain—the Christain crosses were indelible. In despair he finally resorted to a Dervish for advice, and the holy man communicated a remedy which, at least, had the merit of being undeniably efficacious. "Chop off both thy hands," said he to the prince; "better live without hands than wear forever those signs of the infidel ginours!" But Hassan relished it but little, and so remains to this day tattooed with the Christain symbols. This is why no one ever sees him without gloves.

An Indian's Letter.

An Arapahoe Indian recently wrote a letter to a Cheyenne imprisoned in Florida, which has been forwarded to Gen. Sheridan by Col. Pratt, commander of the military prison at St. Augustine. According to the Cheyenne *Leader*, the letter looks like a war map of Russia and Turkey. The fellow who wrote it is an artist with a lead pencil. He tells his friend that, early in the late war, his band struck off by themselves and crossed over into the British possessions, and did not return until a short time previous to the Custer massacre. And how do you suppose he describes the trip up north? Why, by a trail of half-circle marks in imitation of horse tracks, and these chirographical hoof-prints go zig-zagging across the country, and across a big sheet of paper, through Wyoming, Montana, British America, and finally ending on Beaver creek, three days' march from the agency in the Indian Territory. The Custer fight is pictorially described by a collection of animals and redskins in a state of dire conflict and confusion. A crooked line, with a pair of mountain sheep horns, represent the Little Horn river, while a large horn denotes the Big Horn river. A drawing of a buffalo tongue stands for the Tongue river. An extremely rude sketch of a beaver, crouched alongside a black pencil line, represents Beaver creek. The signs and characters used constitute an interesting and instructive study.

INDIAN CHIEFS AT WASHINGTON.

A Highly Interesting Account of a Reception Given to a Number of Prominent Indian Chiefs at the White House—How the Aborigines Behaved.

A Washington correspondent, speaking of the recent visit of the Sioux Indian chiefs, Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, to the national capital, says: I well remember the visit in 1870 of these very self-same chiefs. A new idea struck the folks in power at the time. It was determined to give the chiefs a grand reception at the White House. The members of the diplomatic corps, with the ladies and their families, were invited by President Grant to participate in the festivities. They accepted and went in full official uniform, while the ladies were attired in evening party dress. The cabinet officers wore swallow-tails and white vests, while I never saw the administrative ladies dressed so exquisitely, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Belknap, particularly. Gen. Horace Porter and Gen. Porter were the masters of ceremonies. Miss Nellie Grant was the Queen of Beauty, and was dressed for the character. The East Room was fully lighted up. The Green, Blue, and Red Rooms were decorated with flowers, evergreens and bouquets. The State Dining-room was turned into a banquet hall, the refreshments, consisting of all kinds of fruits, wines, liquors, creams, coffee, tea, cold meats, salads, etc. At seven o'clock the Diplomatic Corps, with their ladies, had arrived, as had also the Cabinet, their spouses and daughters.

When the President and Mrs. Grant entered the East Room the scene was brilliant indeed. It was indeed, brilliantly grand. There was the million-and-one colors of the coats and breeches of the Diplomats, with their innumerable medals and decorations, and the very neat and tasteful plain evening dress of the American officials. I never saw General Grant dressed more neatly, or look more pleased. The Marine Band, in all the glory of their red coats, discoursed beautiful music in the large auditorium, next the East Room. Suddenly the coaches rolled up to the porch doors, and there emptied their living freight of painted Indian chiefs. They waved no clubs, and carried not the tomahawk nor the rifle. It was a warm evening, and the big chiefs came in their thickest blankets. It is surprising that these aborginals wear their heaviest clothes in the most sultry weather. As they entered the auditorium, the band played "Hail to the Chiefs," there being some dozen or more of them. After getting in order, they were marched into the East room—Babcock and Porter leading the way—the band playing "Here We Come, 300,000 More."

These Sioux, Ogalalies, Cheyennes, and what not, were ranged on the side of the East Room next the dressing department. The principal interpreter offered his arm to Mrs. Grant, and then passed down the line, shaking hands with each chief. President Grant followed, with Mrs. Fish on his arm. Then the cabinet officers, and ladies. Then Sir E. Thornton, the British minister and his wife, and so on, until every lady and gentleman in the room had shaken the hand of every one of the dusky sons of the forest. Spotted Tail was then, as he will be now, the principal chief. He took a notion to wear a high black hat, and wore it during the entire evening. After the hand shake and some small talk was over, the civilized portion of the assemblage were ranged on one side of the room, and the original owners of this fertile soil stood in solid phalanx on the opposite side. The band played—"We Are All as Jolly as Bees Can Be," and during the rendition of this beautiful and appropriate air, the civilized and Christian side of the house kept bowing to the big Indian side, while they, wrapped in their blaukets, salaamed to the very ground. After this became somewhat monotonous, both sides broke rank, and a general comingling and interchange of sentiment ensued. Laughing, talking, and promenading followed in quick succession. At ten P. M., the doors leading to the Red, Blue and Green Rooms were thrown open, and the distinguished party moved slowly but surely towards the State Dining-room. One of the features just here presented was the refreshing and odd sight of seeing Mrs. President Grant escort Spotted Tail to the seat at the table and take a chair beside him, while the tall and queenly form of Mrs. Minister Thornton sandwiched the old scamp on the other side. Mrs. Fish, with her ever smiling face, her lovely white curls, and her exquisite toilette, chaperoned Hole-in-the-Sky, and so it went on until every chief had two or more of the ladies waiting upon him at the table. I saw Mrs. Fish, during the entertainment, holding a plate of ice cream and strawberries, while Fly-away-Home crammed them down his ugly throat, using a soup spoon as the mediator. They ate and drank, and drank and ate—and especially did they drink; so much so that all the liquors had to be taken out of their way. Bull's-Horns got so much fire-water within him that he demanded to have Mrs. Belknap as his squaw, while Steal-all-the-Horses insisted on dancing the mazurka with Mrs. Boutwell (the staid wife of Mr. Boutwell), who never danced a dance in the whole course of her life. Those of the chiefs who got too much fire-water were hustled out of a side door and driven to their rooms, at the Washington Hotel. The others were escorted to the East Room, where another chat ensued, while the band played choice operatic airs. The ladies had provided the chiefs with button-hole bouquets, which they either pinned on their blankets or stuck in their scalp-locks. Finally the Indians were taken to their hotel; the Diplomatic corps withdrew in good order, expressed great delight at the evening's entertainment, while the cabinet lingered and chatted, and the ladies laughed and laughed at their subjugation of the red man.

Beaux of Former Times.

We much question whether the celebrated Beau Brummel and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coats were not absolutely mere Quakers in their dress compared with some of the dressers of the former days. Sir W. Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely powdered, and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby, and a pearl drop at the bottom of the spring in place of a button; his trunk hose or breeches, with [illegible] the end all white; and buff shoes with white ribbons. On great court days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6,000, and he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with a sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies and pearls. King James' favorite, the duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked on so loosely that when he chose to shake off a few on the ground he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and he wore diamond hat bands, cockades, and earrings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made—the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold and gems could contribute—one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at $400,000, beside a feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat and spurs. When the difference in the value of money is considered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

The Teeth of a Horse.

At five years of age a horse has forty teeth. These are twenty-four molar or jaw teeth, twelve incisor or front teeth, and four tusks or canine teeth, between the molars and incisors, usually wanting in the mare. At birth, only the two nippers or middle incisors appear. At a year old, the incisors are all visible on the first or milk set. Before three years, the permanent nippers have come through. At four years old, the permanent dividers next to the nippers are out. At five the mouth is perfect, the second set of teeth having been completed. At six, the hollow under the nippers, called the mark, has disappeared from the nippers, and diminished in the dividers. At seven, the mark has disappeared from the dividers, and the next teeth, or corners, are level, though showing no mark. At eight, the mark has gone from the corners, and the horse is said to be aged. After this time—indeed, good authorities say after five years—the age of a horse can only be conjectured. But the teeth gradually change their form, the incisors becoming round, oval, and then triangular. Dealers sometimes bishop the teeth of old horses; that is, they scoop them out to imitate the mark; but this can be known by the absence of the white edge of enamel which always surrounds the real mark, by the shape of the teeth, and other marks of age about the animal.

Another Sam Patch.

A reckless chap, calling himself Capt. Julius D. Rhodes, of Springville, Erie county, N. Y., recently made a daring jump into Niagara river in imitation of the feats of Sam Patch, who flourished and was killed in Rochester, N. Y., some forty-five years ago. The Buffalo *Courier* thus describes his jump from a skeleton platform or tower, eighty-four feet high, built on the rocks near the foot of the inclined railway, Prospect Park: "This he did a few minutes before four o'clock, in the presence of at least two thousand people, who had congregated at every commanding point. The dive was a graceful and easy one, and he came up smiling and struck out for a swim. A life-saving coat, made of cloth and lined with cork, capable of sustaining the weight of four ordinary people, was thrown into the water from a ferry barge. This he put on and buttoned up with comparative ease. To demonstrate the practical value of the apparatus, his wife, a small, dark-complexioned woman, in a blue flannel bathing suit, jumped into the water from an elevation of about fifteen feet and enjoyed a ride down stream with her husband." Rhodes intends jumping a distance of 194 feet some day when the wind does not blow. He claims to have made sixty-nine high leaps and dives from different altitudes, once a height of about 140 feet.

The Russian Losses.

A war correspondent says the Russians have suffered frightfully. Before their passage of the Danube, 7,000 sick were in the hospitals, and 5,000 were sent back to Russia. The crossing at Braila, with the subsequent combats at Mutchin and Babadagh cost 1,200 men; Zimmerman lost 1,000 in the Dobrudscha, and invalided 8,000 to Russia; the repulsed passages from Oltenitza and Glamunda cost 2,000; Simnitza and Sistov, 1,400; the affair at Biela, 1,500; those of Rustchuk and Rasgrad, 3,000; the march to Tirnova and the crossing of the Balkan, 2,000; Gourkho's retreat, 7,800; the taking of Nikopolis, 2,400; the first battle of Plevna, 5,000, the second, 11,000; their repulse from Lovdscha, 1,800. In the meantime, 10,000 sick have been sent to Russia from the main army of the Danube, and we have no record of the deaths in the hospitals, nor of the number who fell at the capture of Lovdscha on the 5th of September, nor in the defeats and during the disastrous retreats at Karahassanhoi and from the Kara-Lom. In short, the total, as known, considerably exceeds 70,000 men.

A Thoughtful Husband.

If he had confined himself to his legitimate quill-driving duties, there would have been no occasion for him to have been strutting around with his left hand in a sling, a patch on his nose and an absurd old gum shoe on one foot. He was, however, only another victim of that egotistical opinion of all men, that they can do anything better than a woman. He went home the other day and found his wife putting up peaches in those old-fashioned tin cans that closed with sealing-wax. She had an apron on, and two or three little blotches of sealing-wax ornamented the floor, while the cat under the table was licking a piece the [illegible] accidentally.

"See here, Maria," he said, "you'll cripple yourself with that hot wax directly;" but as she made no answer, he continued oracularly: "Women never have any mechanical genius, anyway. If there is a way of doing anything wrong they are sure to try it."

"Do you think you can do any better?" she observed, with some acidity.

"Why, of course I can."

"Well, here, just distingush yourself, then."

So he sat down. She handed him a fresh can, just out of the hot water. He took it in his hand and dropped it as though it had been a streak of lightning; while he stuck his fingers in his mouth and looked sudden death at her because he could not swear. She gave him a towel to hold the next one with, and he took it on his knee, lighting the sealing-wax stick, and commenced prodding around the top, but the bottom burnt his knee, and he jerked, bringing the burning wax across the back of his left hand. Then he jumped up and howled, dropped the can, which emptied a spoonful of burning preserves into his slipper. This made him frantic, and he went dancing about the kitchen like an inebriated dervish, waving the burning wax until a drop took him on the nose. In his anger he kicked the offending can through the window, scattering its contents over the dog, who rushed into the street howling and raising an alarm of mad dog, which occupied the attention of all the people within three squares. Then he submitted to be laid on the sofa, and plastered with flour and sweet oil, until he looked like a bad-prepared scarecrow. He is willing to make an affidavit the size of a barn door that he will let the women be just as awkward as they choose.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Words of Wisdom.

Our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.

Children are unconscious philosophers. They refuse to pull to pieces their enjoyments to see what they are made of.

There is not a joyful boy or an innocent girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty in all the street full of eager and rosy faces but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word.

There is a great outcry against fools on the part of the knaves, but rather with some want of policy; for if there were no fools in the world cunning men would have but a bad trade of it.

The force of habit affects our even palates; we in time acquire a relish for what was once perfectly nauseous. The Greenlanders detest turtle soup as much as we abominate train oil.

Our natural disposition to evil is evident in this: that vice tracks out its own path and stands in need of no instructor; while it requires not only example but discipline to initiate us in virtue.

Some men and women expect immediate recognition, and even pay, if they do something for the public good. Such men and women lack the true spirit and will soon drop from the rank of workers for public benefit.

Self-Murder.

To those who say that the work is not their own, who say: "I have not destroyed myself," the illustration of an extreme case may be helpful. Look for example, at the case of the drunkard. Look at the poor, miserable wretch. Do not the blood-shot eye, the tainted breath and his diseased body generally all tell the tale? Do not they all say something? He has brought ruin upon himself and upon those connected with him; his home is desolate, his children in rags, his wife dying. You may say: "See what drink has done." No, it was not drink, but the drinking. There might be oceans of drink around him, and yet he might never have been destroyed. It is his own diseased human nature that has brought about the work of destruction, that has so reduced him that there is scarcely any humanity left. His sin has spread; it has gone beyond himself to his family, to his wife and children; but who did it? Not his neighbors; not his malignant foes. It would be a case of murder that the law could deal with if the blame of destroying a man could be laid upon others. A man would certainly forfeit his life if he did against another what he does against himself. How is it to be brought about? The god of this world has blinded his eyes, but, remember, the man has given permission, he has given himself over; it is by his own act and deed that he has compassed his own destruction, and sealed his ruin. Who has done it? is the question. "Thou hast destroyed thyself," is the answer, and it is beyond all controversy. It is simply the strong, fully developed result of sin; that is all. Wherever sin is present it carries on the same deadly work, and has ever the same deadly influence belonging to it. "Sin, when it is finished (perfectly) it bringeth forth death."

Strapping fellows—barbers.

TOM BOWLINE'S YARN.

How He Recognized an Old Shipmate in the Governor of Massachusetts.

Mark Twain in the *Atlantic Monthly* has the following: Now an ancient whale-ship master fell to talking about the sort of crews they used to have in in his early days. Said he:

"Sometimes we'd have a batch of college students. Queer lot. Ignorant? Why, they didn't know the cat-head from the main-brace. But if you took them for fools, you'd get bit sure. They'd learn more in a month than another man would in a year. We had one once, in the Mary Ann, that came aboard with gold spectacles on. And besides, he was [illegible] the nobbiest clothes that ever saw a fo'castle. He had a chest full, too; cloaks, and broadcloth coats, and velvet vests; everything to swell, you know; and didn't the salt water fix them out for him? I guess not! Well, going to sea, the mate told him to go aloft and help shake out the fore-to'gallants'l. Up he shins to the foretop, with his spectacles on, and in a minute down he comes again, looking insulted. Says the mate: 'What did you come down for?' 'P'raps you didn't notice that there ain't any ladder above there.' You see we hadn't any shrouds above the foretop. The men burst out in a laugh such as I guess you never heard the like of. Next night, which was dark and rainy, the mate ordered this chap to go aloft about something, and I'm dummed if he didn't start up with an umbrella and lantern! But no matter, he made a mighty good sailor before the voyage was done, and we had to hunt up something else to laugh at. Years afterward, when I had forgot all about him, I comes into Boston mate of a ship, and was loafing around town with the second mate, and it so happened that we stepped into the Revere House, thinking may be we would chance the salt-horse in that big dining-room for a flyer, as the boys say. Some fellows were talking just at our elbow, and one says: 'Yonder's the new governor of Massachusetts—at the table over there, with the ladies.' We took a good look, my mate and I, for we hadn't either of us ever seen a governor before. I looked and looked at that face, and then all of a sudden it popped on me! But I didn't give any sign. Says I, 'Mate, I've a notion to go over and shake hands with him.' Says he, 'I think I see you doing it, Tom.' Says I, 'Mate, I'm a-going to do it. Says he, 'Oh, yes, I guess so! May be you don't want to bet you will, Tom? Says I, 'I don't mind going a V on it, mate." Says he, 'Put it up.' 'Up she goes,' says I, planking the cash. This surprised him. But he covered it, and says pretty sarcastic, 'Hadn't you better take your grub with the governor and the ladies, Tom?' Says I, 'Upon second thought I will.' Says he, 'Well, Tom, you are a fool.' Says I, 'May be I am, may be I ain't, but the main question is, do you want to risk two and a half that I won't do it?' 'Make it a V,' says he. 'Done,' says I. I started him a giggling he felt so good. I went over there and leaned my knuckles on the table a minute and looked the governor in the face, and, says I, "Mr. Gardner, don't you know me?' He stared, and I stared, and he stared. Then all of a sudden he sings out, 'Tom Bowline, by the holy poker? Ladies, It's old Tom Bowline, that you've heard me talk about—shipmate of mine in the Mary Ann.' He rose up and shook hands with me ever so hearty—I sort of glanced around and took a realizing sense of my mate's saucer eyes—and then says the governor, 'Plant yourself, Tom, plant yourself; you can't cat your anchor again till you've had a feed with me and the ladies.' I planted myself along side the governor, and canted my eyes around toward my mate. Well, sir, his deadlights were bugged out like tompions; and his mouth stood that wide open that you could have laid a ham in it without him noticing it."

There was great applause at the conclusion of the old captain's story; then, after a moments silence, a grave, pale young man said:

"Had you ever met the gavernor before?"

The old captain looked steadily at this inquirer awhile, and then got up and walked aft without making any reply. One passenger after another stole a furtive glance at the inquirer, but failed to make him out, and so gave him up. It took some little work to get the talk-machinery to running smoothly again after this derangement.

A Japanese Image.

One of the new and curious *misemono* of Tokio, Japan, is a gigantic image of a woman, made of wood and plaster, and dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding staircase in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding about twenty persons with comfort. A sword is held in the right hand and a huge ball in the left. Internally the novelty consists of an extraordinary anatomical model. A fine view of the surrounding district is obtained by looking through one of the eyes, and the price of admission is only two cents. The image is situated beside the temple of Hachiman, close by the Kuanon of Asakusa, and is well worth a visit.

An immense cave has been discovered in Josephine county, Oregon. It has been found to be over five miles in extent, and the exploring is not yet completed. The stalactite formation overhead is said to be unique, being dissimilar to that in other caves of which more is known. A party will shortly make a thorough investigation of this mammoth cavern.

Nathan Minard, of Salem, Conn., a man ninety years old, and a rich miser, has had his coffin in his room for twenty years, and has dug his own grave to save expense.

Items of Interest.

There are between 11,000 and 12,000 dentists in this country, armed to the teeth.

When may babies be said to be literally living from hand to mouth? When they are sucking their thumbs.

Within the last ten years the United States has sold $43,000,000 worth of arms and munitions of war to Europe.

When Tartar meets Turk,
With their mutual ferocities,
Then—horrible work!—
Comes the tug of atrocities.—*Punch.*

Woman was never made to whistle, and when she tries it, it makes her whole countenance look as if it had declared war.

A young lad, whose teacher is free with the rod, remarked the other day that "they had too many hollerdays at their [illegible]."

A hen at St. Albans, Vt., [illegible] hatched out a nest of turtle eggs, and was greatly surprised when she found what a family she had.

A tall man having rallied a friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied: "My legs reach the ground—what more can yours do?"

A convict was put into stocks in Willis, Texas. His cries for mercy, "Take me down," "I am dying," were not heeded, and he died under the torture.

The insincerity of a friend has often inclined men to seek for a surer reliance upon money; these unexpected shocks makes us disgusted with our species, and it is for this reason that the old men who have seen so much of the world become at last avaricious.

At a duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

When you are tired of twirling your thumbs, sit down and see how fast you can say: "Shoes and socks shocks Susan in an explicable manner, and inexorably she ceaseth sheathing her shoes." It is worse than "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

Ohio labor statistics show that there are employed in the State 396,267 persons in agriculture, against 77,690 in trades and transportation, 179,394 in manufactures and mining, and 104,018 in personal and professional occupations. The unemployed persons in the State are reported at 219,219.

An Amherst (Mass.) farmer lately offered one of the young ladies who teaches in the public schools there a bushel of potatoes if she would wheel them home through the streets at an hour when the greatest number of students were taking their walks. He had them loaded on the wheelbarrow ready for her, and she pluckily wheeled them home, telling him that when he had more potatoes to dispose of in that way to let her know.

The Doctor's Reward.

Justice Comstock's office at Detroit had such a home-like air that the reporter for the *Free Press* sat down to hear an anecdote. It did not commence: "Once upon a time there was a poor but honest baker who always put sixteen ounces of stock into his pound loaves," but it started off as follows: Once there was a well to do Detroiter who ate too much succotash for dinner. Colic seized him and put him to bed, and so frightened was the man that he called out to the doctor:

"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars!"

The doctor gave him a remedy that soon eased him, and he called out:

"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars!"

In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked:

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed, and he followed the physician to the door, and said:

"Say, doc, send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three, and after so doing he sued it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution. The poet was pretty correct when he wrote:

"I know no man whom I could trust;
I buy and sell for cash;
Each day I know what I am worth,
And thus avoid a smash."

"Touchy" Persons.

There are people—yes, many people—always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. Indigestion makes them see impudence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose that a slight was intended unless the neglect was open and direct. After all, too, life takes hues in a great degree from the color of our minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is under restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.